November 1978

LES PUBLICATIONS ASSOCIES

CHAIN MAIL

Dear Folks:

This is just to inform you that I think your politics are as psychotic and unlovable as those of David Bowie. That "Highlander" story (the one really hunkmeal recipe. And if the cover emblazoned is supposed to be an answer to feminist criticism, well, conscious or otherwise, you got to be kidding. I don't believe you revived "Barbarella," that's all. I was really enthusiastic when the magazine first appeared. I was hoping for the underground gore rag. Can't those Europeans imagine anything between, beyond, or through normally hostile apocalypse and total sex space rock? Man a day. The whole underlying tension of your magazine is rape/sadism/bondage in all its forms. I buy your crummy magazine for one or two stories a month, and because I'm a masochist freak of some standing, but I think I just convinced myself that your dollar and a half would be better invested with the Krupp Mail Order, Ltd.

James E. Von Lowy
Dorchester, Mass.

Dear Jim: But enough about us. Let's talk about you. Gettin' much? — Ed.

Dear Editors:

Ah, special! I would like now to sincerely commend you for your most enjoyable production, *Heavy Metal*. The artwork varies between very good and excellent, the scripting and plain old fiction lies also in that range somewhere, and by the time that one has completed a thorough cover-to-cover reading, one realizes that you are rather crass humans. You leave us with only a small portion of the type of material we would enjoy much longer than you allow. Break out the whips 'n' stuff and get those artists and writers supplying a few hundred more pages each month. We could handle it, believe me.

I must say that I especially relished "Olympic Alley" in the May issue, and Rithauer and Druillet's contribution in the July mag.

Also, is there any way us common folk can get a hold of a poster-size reproduction of the July edition's back cover? It is magnificent.

Armand L.B. Christopherson
Springside, Saskatchewan

Dear Armand: No sooner said . . . the Druillet July cover is about to be released as a poster, first in our line. (Can Heavy Metal lunch buckets be far behind?) Watch this space for publication date. — Ed.

Not every man can handle Metaxa.

There's no easy way to describe the taste of Metaxa. Except to say that it's definitely not one of your kid-glove drinks. When you taste Metaxa, you know it. And you won't forget it.

Metaxa comes from Greece, where they understand such things. The Greeks drink Metaxa straight, by the fistful. Or sometimes as a Stinger with a little more sting.

Metaxa. Drunk by Gods and Warriors. And Men who can handle it.

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...HENCEFORTH...

"What's Wrong with This Picture?" is a game popular with Sunday kiddie page readers, Zapruder film-watchers, and, well . . . us. Every issue, we like to include a couple of little — what we in the lucrative publishing game call — "typos." It is not easy to make mistakes in a magazine that goes to press four months before it goes on sale. There is time — too much time — to make corrections. The prying eyes of managing and copy editors often spot the work of what we in the fiscally rewarding printing trade call "gremlins."

So, it was no easy task, as you can imagine, getting the pages of Ellison's "Croatoan" out of sequence in September. Palms were crossed with silver, disguises donned, tapes erased. Last month it was simple, by comparison, convincing the printer to leave author-artist Gray Morrow's name off the title panel of his strip "Orion," and having the word "calendar" dropped out of the calendar ad.

This month has been a bitch. We thought of running "Gail" backwards, but realized no one would notice. Everything else was arriving in tamper-proof packages from France and England. It looked hopeless. And then, it happened.

The Chaykin/Delany **Empire** book excerpt, which we had planned to run in December, got bumped forward to this edition. Chaos, glorious chaos! Art director Workman took a run and slam-dunked 20 color pages into the middle of the book. Wonder how it'll all turn out?

Next month, if everything goes according to plan (snicker, snicker), we will have a 12-page Moebius detective story for your Yuletide delectation. But, maybe not . . . .

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Uh!
WHUP?!
ARRRNN!

You've angered it, Sindbad! Get up!
My arm . . .
We'll be crushed!
What?!

Praise Allah, Judar
Sindbad — are you all right?
Damn that Jinni and his curse! We should've known better, Akissa. We caused this!
You mean . . . you think Al-Ra'ad's been watching us?
Probably with great amusement

Starved for affection, dog?
Yeah . . .

. . . me, too.

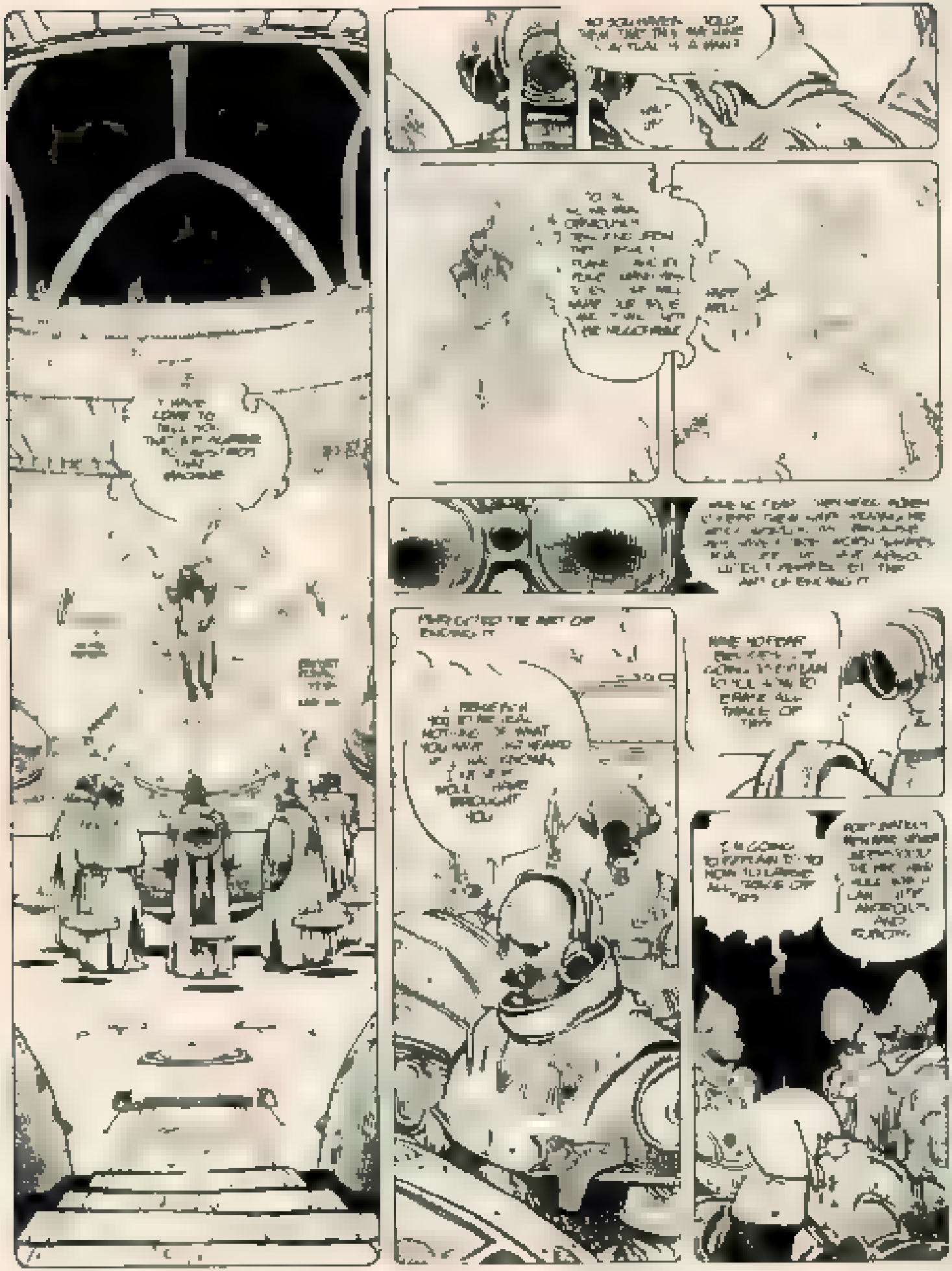
Keira . . . .

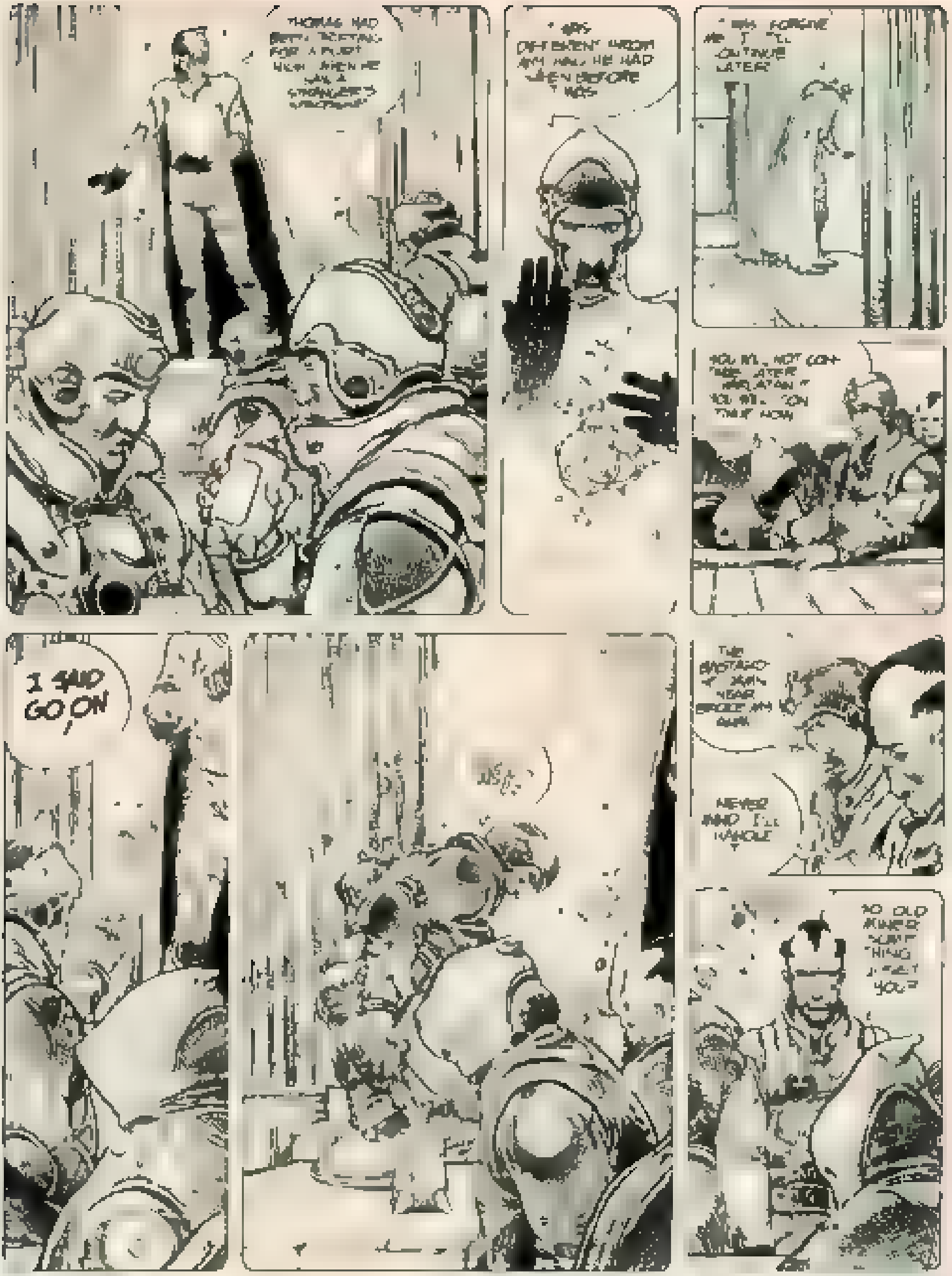
Can we get to it from here?
Moreover do we want to?
don't know ve heard stories about Ketra you may be right, Behram.
Sindbad! Look!
Everyone back

to be continued

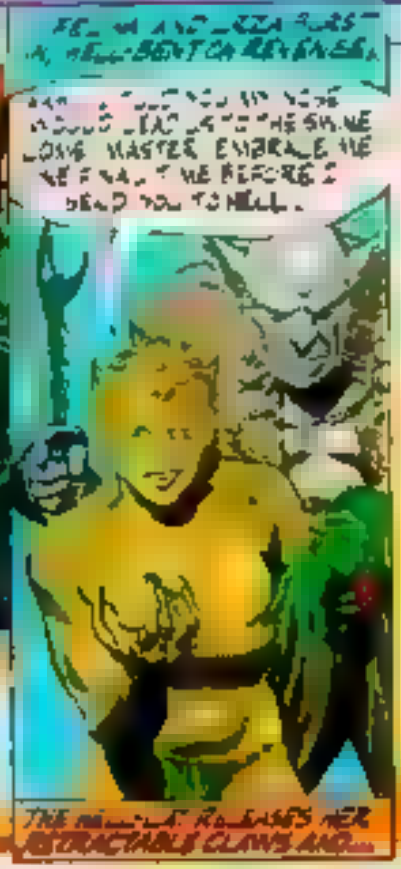
EXTERMINATOR N.

BUT HOW? SINCE WE AIN'T ALL UPON THE EXTERMINATORS.
THE WHO PURTAINS WILL TAKE CARE OF IT
THOSE CHAMPIONS
IT'S NOT ARCADE
WHAT'S IN HERE?
WELL NOW ARE YOU
BEST OF THE WORD ARE YOU READY TO HELP TO KILL YOU?




THOMAS HAD BEEN TESTING FOR A PULSE WHEN HE SAW A STRANGER'S FACE
HE'S DIFFERENT SOMEHOW AND NOW HE HAD BEEN BEFORE
I WAS FORGIVE ME I'LL CONTINUE LATER
YOU'LL NOT GO+ THE LATER EXPLANA+ YOU'LL GO ON THAT NOW
I SAID GO ON
THE BASTARD'S BROKE MY BEAR
NEVER MIND I'LL MANAGE
SO OLD MAKER SOMETHING I'LL GET YOU?

ORION


HE WAS ONCE A GREAT WARRIOR, NOW HE'S BENT ON REVENGE!
AND I'LL SEE YOU IN HELL BEFORE I HEAR YOU TO HELL.
THE BEAST RELEASES HER RETRACTABLE CLAWS AND...

STRANGE! HE SMELLS LIKE THE BEAST!

THE CAT-WOMAN IS AT HIS JUGULAR BEFORE THE MAGE CAN CONTRIVE A PROTECTIVE SPELL...
?
BUT THE WILY WIZARD, IN AN ASTONISHING DISPLAY OF AGILITY, ENMESHES SELINA IN THE VOLUMINOUS FOLDS OF HIS CLOAK AND STUNS HER WITH A BLOW OF HIS BROKEN STAFF.
BELICOSE BITCH!
HE FREES HIMSELF, HOWEVER, ONLY TO FALL INTO JUDA'S BEAR-LIKE CLUTCHES.
ALMOST QUICKER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, LAMONTHOS EXTRICATES HIMSELF FROM THE GIANT BRUTE'S GRIP AND DISAPPEARS THROUGH CHANDRA'S PREVIOUS AVENUE OF ESCAPE.
VIM!

UNHEEDED OF THE INTERLOPERS, ORION RUSHES TO SPRITE'S SIDE

SPRITE, WHAT IS IT

THE FAT ORION FOR ME, AT LEAST. CHANDRA HAS LIVED TOO LONG... AND WHEN THE SANDS OF TIME RUN OUT FOR HER SO DO THEY TOO. FOR ME

IN MY RECOUNTING OF THE TALE OF THIS SHADOWED VALLEY I OMITTED MENTION OF THIS— THON, WHO GAVE CHANDRA IMMORTALITY GAVE ME THE SAME CURSE BY INEXTRICABLY ENTWINING MY LIFE FORCE WITH HERS HENCE SHE MIGHT OUT OF REASON TERMINATE MY EXISTENCE SHOULD SHE DO SO SHE WOULD THEREFORE COMMIT SUICIDE THAT IS WHY SHE STEEPED HERSELF IN THE BLACK ARTS AND SOUGHT YOUR SWORD

...IN THE HOPE THAT SOMEHOW I COULD BE USED TO SEVER THE LINK THAT JOINS HER BEING WITH MINE DON'T BE SAD, MY LOVE I USED YOU TO END THON'S MACABRE TAPE OF US JUST AS I SOMETIMES WONDER HOW MANY MEN I'VE MANIPULATED OTHER MEN FOR CHANDRA'S DARK PURPOSES NOW I DON'T HAVE TO PLAY THE GAME ANY LONGER

I DON'T UNDERSTAND

BUT I LOVE YOU.

NO SWEET FOOL I'M HEARTLESS AND PROFANITY OF A BLACK MAGICIAN AND I DIE GLADLY SOON MY SIREN SISTER EXPIRES, AND SO DO I PLEASE HOLD ME CLOSE THEN FOR THESE LAST FEW MOMENTS

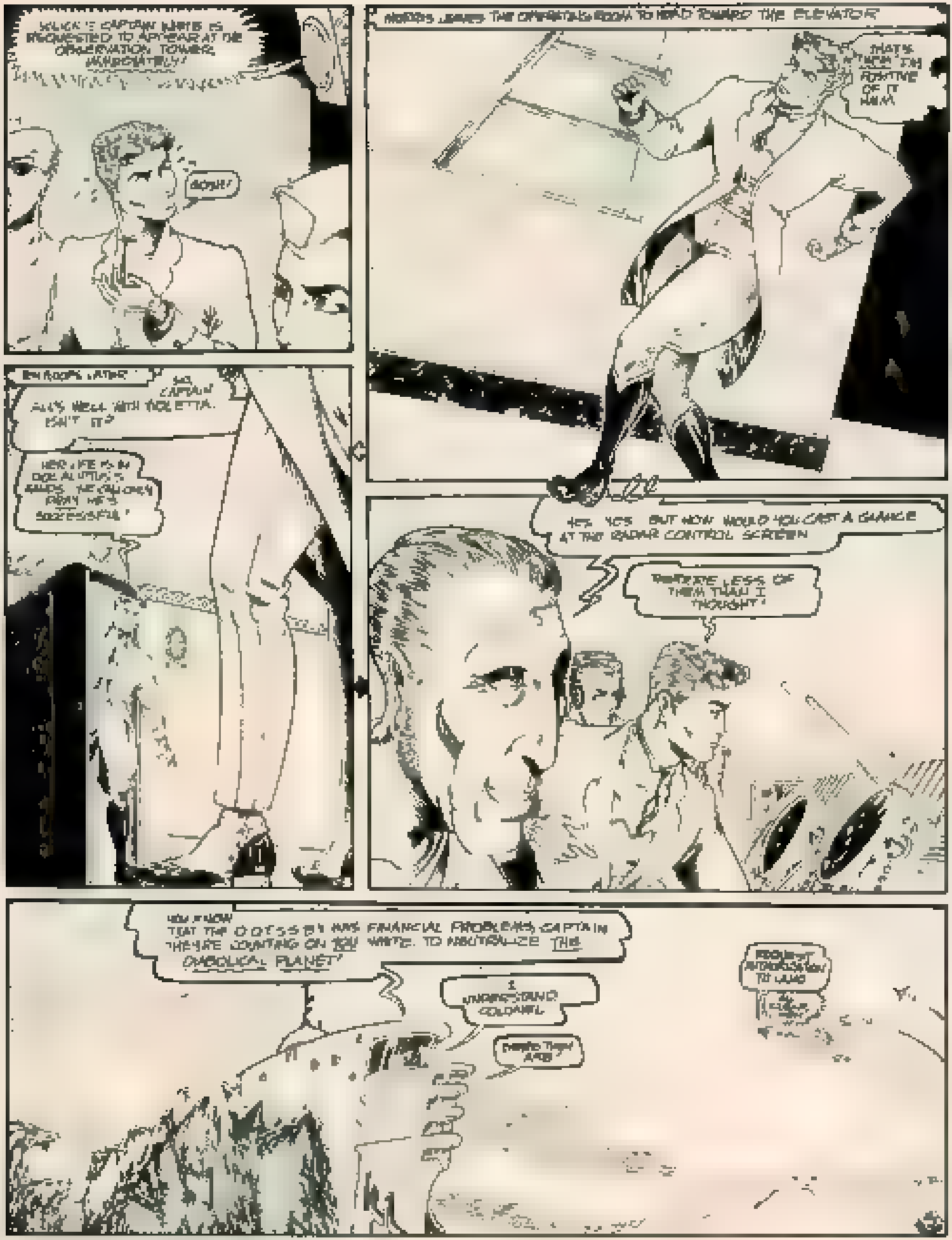
THEN YOU MUST DEPART QUICKLY THE ASTRALENT CHAMBER HOUSES ONE OF THON'S MARVELS— AN AIRSHIP USE IT TO ESCAPE THE RE OF THE HIDEOUS DROONS.. THEY'LL TORCH THE TOWERS..

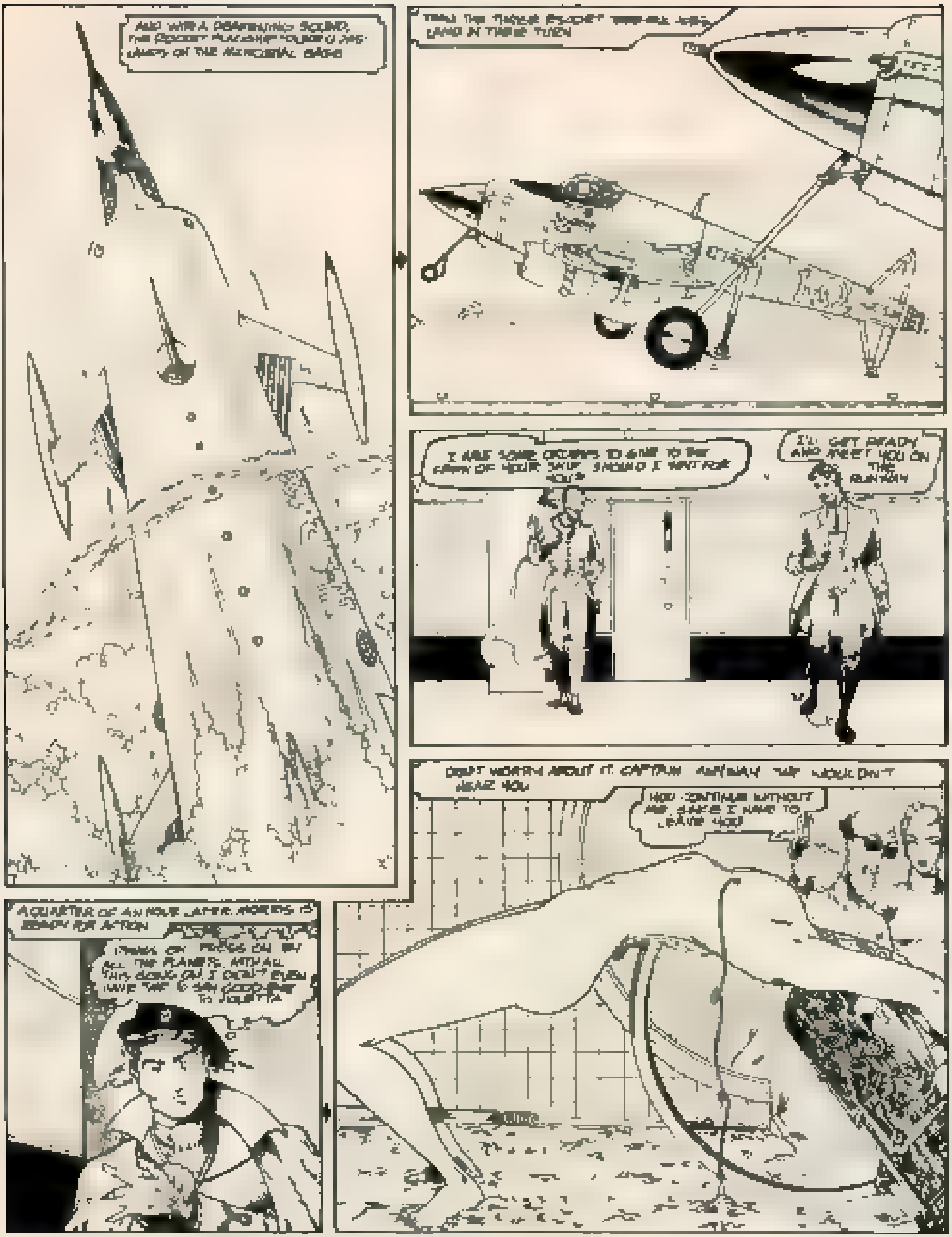
IN THE HEARTLAND CHANDRA PREPARES A BLACK DEATH CONFRONTS THE NOKLAS DRAGAS
AS THE SUN SETS
IN THE FORTRESS OF CASTLE CLAK A THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE DRAGAS AND CHANDRA'S GUARDIANS AS OVERTURNED BRAZIER HAS TURNED THE STRONGHOLD INTO A VERITABLE INFERNO.
TO BE CONTINUED

GREAT TRAP

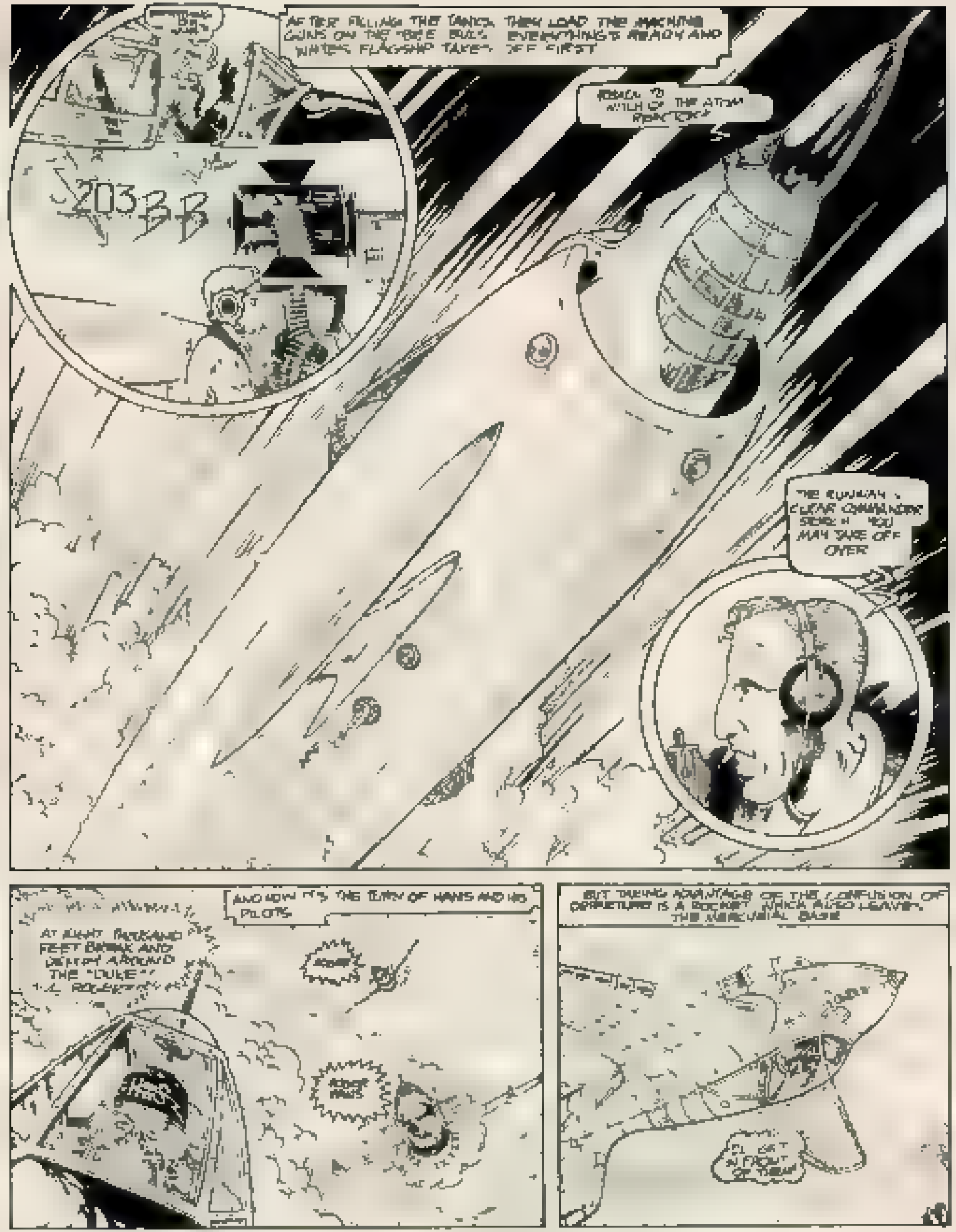
THE GREAT TRAP
by Denis Sire
THE SPATIAL ADVENTURERS
4. WHITE
TH
EPISODE

OH, RIGHT!
A BLINDING LIGHT SUDDENLY ERUPTS FROM THE OPERATION HAS BEGUN
YOU GUARANTEE THAT TRIBBLE ISN'T ALIVE CHANGE TO HELP?
I HOPE SO, FOR YOUR SAKE!
SEE THAT AS A MILITARY MAN YOU HAVE NO ONE CREATE IS IN A PANICKY MAN OF A BELIEF HE HIMSELF
OH, NO JUST DON'T BLUE ANY HARM TO COME TO VOLETTI. OR I ALL


WOULD IT CAPTAIN WHITE IS REQUESTED TO APPEAR AT THE OBSERVATION TOWER IMMEDIATELY!
BOSS!
MORDS LEAVES THE OPERATIONS ROOM TO HEAD TOWARD THE ELEVATOR
THAT'S WHY I'M POSITIVE OF IT HMM
IN ROOM LATER
SO CAPTAIN ALAN WELL WITH VIOLETTA, ISN'T IT?
HOW LIFE IS IN DOLAUTTA'S ARMS. HE CALLED AWAY HE'S SUCCESSFUL!
YES, YES BUT HOW WOULD YOU CAST A GLANCE AT THE RADAR CONTROL SCREEN
THERE'RE LESS OF THEM THAN I THOUGHT!
YOU KNOW THAT THE ODYSSEY HAS FINANCIAL PROBLEMS, CAPTAIN THEY'RE COUNTING ON YOU WHITE, TO NEUTRALIZE THE OMBOLICAL PLANET
I UNDERSTAND COLONEL
THERE THEY ARE!
REQUEST AUTHORIZATION TO LAND
AUTHORIZATION GRANTED
SONICA ON THE SEA STAR BASE


AND WITH A DEAFENING ROAR, THE ROCKET PLANE POWERS INTO LIFT-OFF ON THE HORIZONTAL BASE
THEN THE THREE ROCKET TURBINES ARE LAND IN THREE TURN
I ARE SOME ORDERS TO GIVE TO THE CREW OF YOUR SHIP. SHOULD I WAIT FOR YOU?
I'LL GET READY AND MEET YOU ON THE RUNWAY
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN. ANYWAY, THE WOULDN'T HEAR YOU
HOW CONTINUE WITHOUT ME, SINCE I HAVE TO LEAVE YOU!
A QUARTER OF AN HOUR LATER, MORENS IS READY FOR ACTION
I PUSH ON PEACE ON BY ALL THE PLANETS, AND ALL THIS, DOING, AND I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO JULIETTA

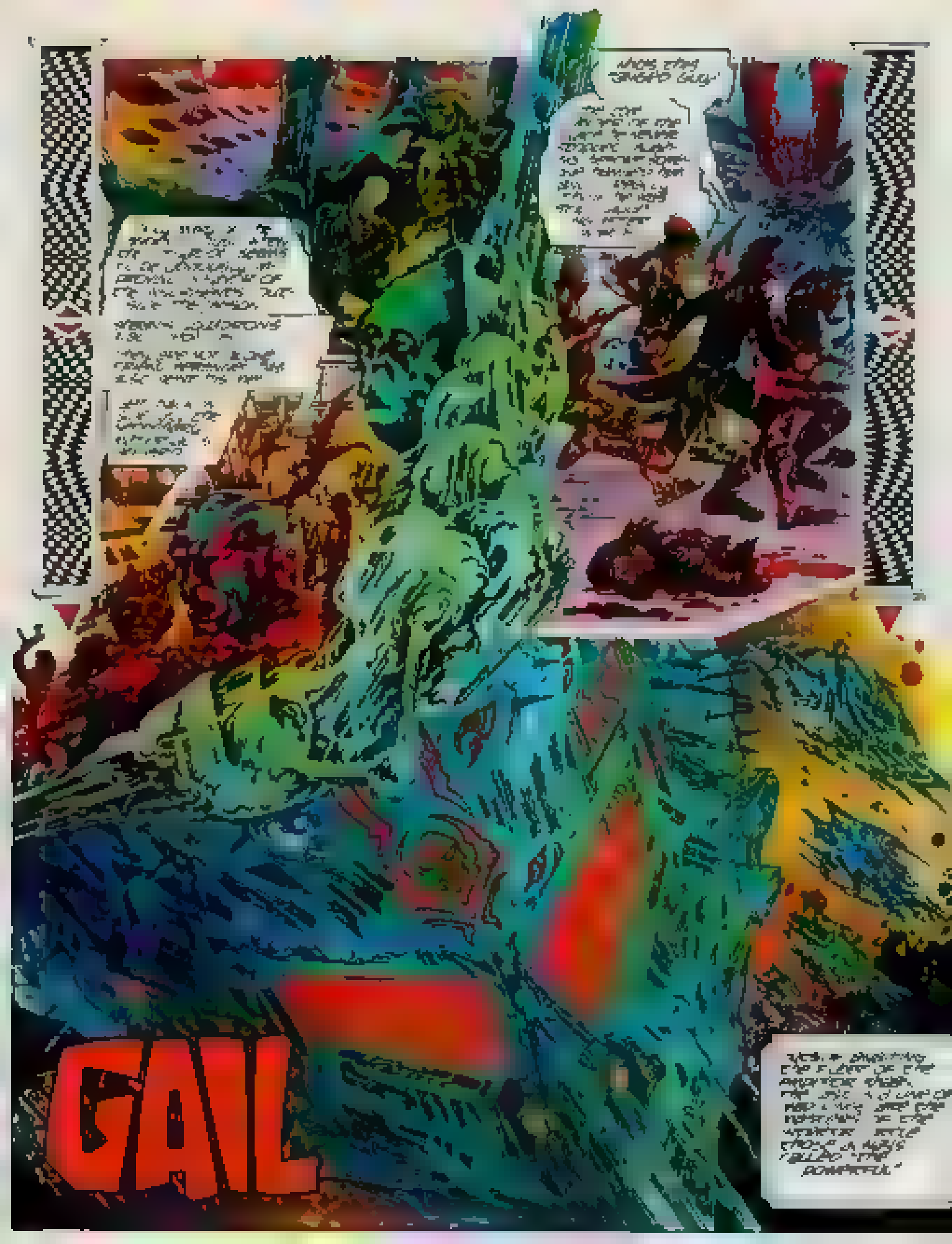
ACCEPT NO LAPSE IN DISCIPLINE FOR OUR MISSION AGAINST THE DIABOLICAL PLANET IS ESSENTIAL TO THE FUTURE OF OUR SOLAR SYSTEM YOU UNDERSTAND THAT DON'T YOU MONA?
NOW I WILL ADDRESS THE CADET PILOTS TO TELL THEM THE FOLLOWING IN CASE OF ENEMY ATTACK IN THE INTERFERENCE ZONE THEY MUST DEFEND THE "DUKE" SHIP ONLY AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANY INDIVIDUAL STUNTS UNDERSTAND COMMANDER HANS STORCH!!
GOOD-BYE CAPTAIN AH BY THE WAY I'VE LOADED AN DEFIANT A.S. FOR YOU PERHAPS IT WOULD BE APPROPRIATE FOR WHITE TO DEFEND THE DUKE U 236"

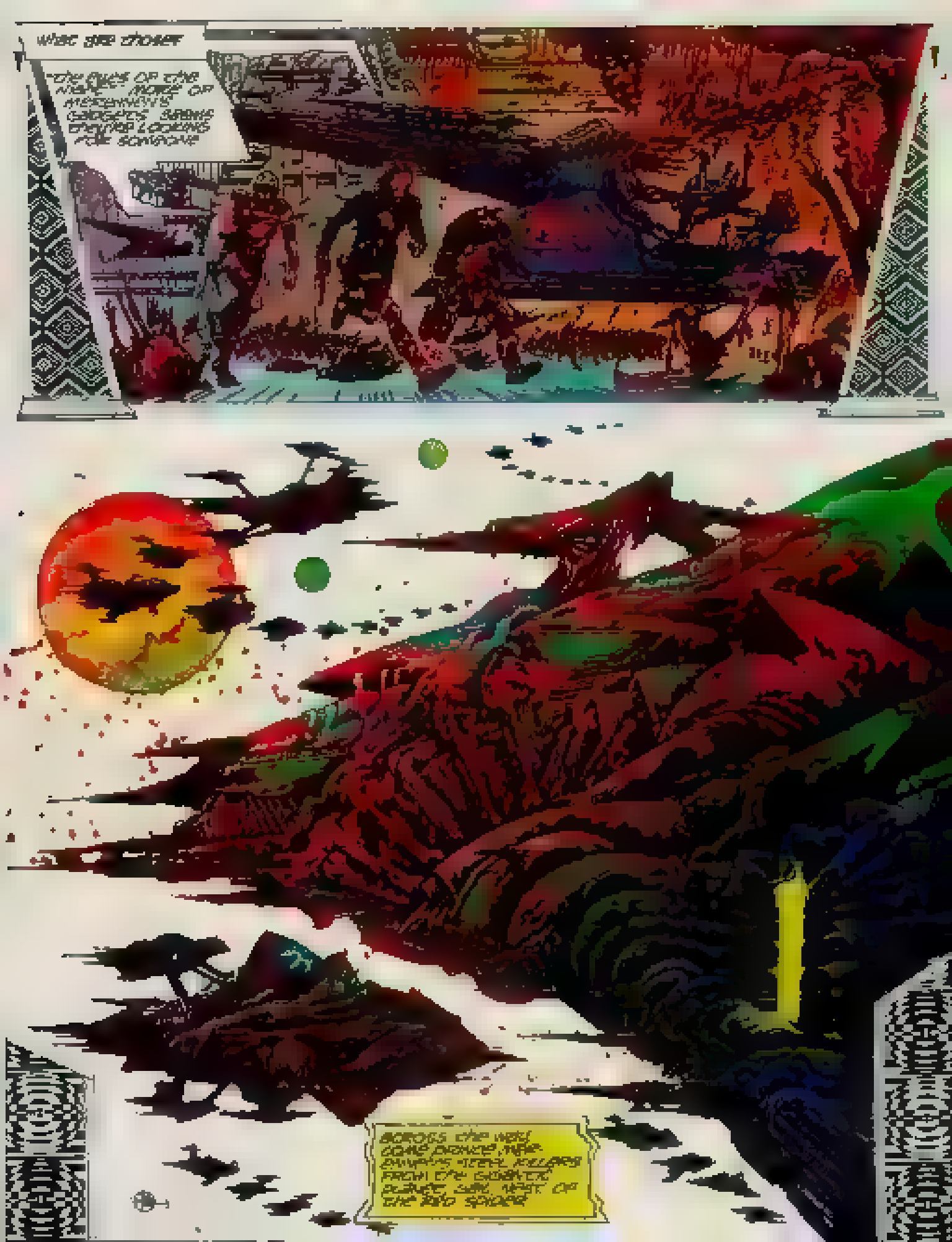

203BB
AFTER FILLING THE TANKS THEY LOAD THE MACHINE GUNS ON THE "DUKE" BULL WHITE'S FLAGSHIP TAKES OFF FIRST
READY TO WITH OF THE ATOM ROCKETS
THE RUSSIAN CLEAR COMMANDER SIGNS "YOU MAY TAKE OFF OVER
AND NOW IT'S THE TURN OF HANS AND HIS PILOTS
AT EIGHT THOUSAND FEET BRAK AND DEATH AROUND THE "DUKE"
ROAR
ROAR HISS
BUT TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION OF DEPARTURE IS A ROCKET WHICH ALSO LEAVES THE MERCURIAL BASE

MEANWHILE ON THE GREAT ROAD THROUGH SPACE
STILL NOTHING, HAUS?
BZZK
"A CHILD OF FREEDOM, CAPTAIN!"
MAY BE SO COMMANDER, BUT I IMPLORE YOU NOT TO LET YOUR ATTENTION WANDER, EVER!
MEANWHILE THAT VERY NIGHT ON THE CARGILL PLANET
NOT DAMN THIS RAIN. I'M GOING TO GET THAT CAN WHITE
...HE HAS LEFT TO BELIEVE MORRIS WHITE AT THE COMMANDER OF THE "DUKE" AS FOR MONA, SHE CHOSE TO REMAIN ALONE
MORRIS MUST BE IN HIS CABIN NOW
I'VE GOT TO SEE HIM WHETHER HE LIKES IT OR NOT!

NO, SCOUT NOW, MORRIS!
NO!
NOW ENTERS THE ROOM
GENTLY, SOLDIER
YOU DEVILISH CREATURE YOU!
MAD SPIES MAD!
RELAX MORRIS. AREN'T YOU GOING TO BE NICE TO ME?
BY ALL THE PLANETS, I'M ACTUALLY SOBER BUT I FEEL THE SAME DESIRE FOR YOU YOUR STOMACH YOUR
WHY NOT ADMIT YOU LOVE ME, PRETTY BOY EH
COME ON LET'S BE REASONABLE YOU'VE HAD NO A ST MORRIS, DARLING

ALAS THERE'S ALWAYS GOT TO BE SOMEONE WHO COMES AND SPOILS IT ALL EVEN THE MOST GENUINE LOVE
SO. WHAT IS IT?
JIM WELL I WE JUST ENTERED THE INTERFERENCE ZONE OF THE DUBOK GAL PLANET
HEAVENS! MY HUSBAND!
I MUST RESIGN THIS ESCORT IN ORDER TO DEFEND OUR SHIP
DON'T DO ANYTHING SILLY!
I'LL EXPLAIN THE SITUATION TO JIM HE'LL UNDERSTAND
YES YES GOOD BOY!
AT THE SAME MOMENT THE STAR EN ROUTE TOWARD ITS TARGET THE DUBOK SYS
JIM?!
BAM
DEATH SLUT
JIM WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, YOU IDIOT? WHY ANSWER ME!!


WHERE DID
SHE GO?
GAIL


WHAT SHE CHOSE!
THE GUTS OF THE NEST - HOME OF MECHANOID'S GENERATE SUBMIT ENERGY LOCKING FOR SOMEONE
ACROSS THE VAST COSMIC EXPANSE, THE DAUNTLESS STEEL KILLERS FROM THE GOLDEN PLANET SAIL NEXT OF THE RED SPHERE

Major Grubert

...and the heroically vexed songs of Jerry Cornelius by Moorcock

OUR STORY-SO DATE

THE SITUATION HAS DETERIORATED BUT IT'S ONLY SUPERFICIAL AS THE DRAMA IS JUST ABOUT TO BEGIN. SET TO MATTER FOR MAJOR GRUBERT EXPLORER OF MYSTERIES THE SAPIENTEST FLAGELLUM OF MARVELS IN ALL THE UNIVERSE WAITS FOR HIS DRINK OF MIGATAL BROTH IN THE COMPANY OF THE TWO ANTAGONISTIC NATIVES

I CAN DO ANYTHING ABOUT IT, JERRY. THE MURDER OF ALBERT ANGELO WAS DONE FOR RACIAL REASONS. YOU KNOW MORBUS

EVEN SO, I DON'T LIKE IT. THIS IS THE LAST TIME THAT I'M NOT NICE TO MY NOT NOT I PREFER IT BUT SO PERSONS CAN READ IT

I LIFT MY HAT TO SALUTE YOU AND TO REQUEST A FAVOR OF YOU OVER THERE AT THE END OF THE TABLE IS MY FRIEND WHO WOULD SO MUCH LIKE TO TALK TO YOU

JUST A FEW WORDS NO MORE

TALK TO ME N

WELL IT'S QUITE OBVIOUS JOCELYN THAT YOU ARE NOT AS LOST AS YOU THOUGHT

YOU SEE I AM WITH THESE TWO HUMANS

I SEE

SO OH JOCELYN DON'T MIND US

IT'S NORMAL TO HAVE FRIENDS OF YOUR OWN KIND

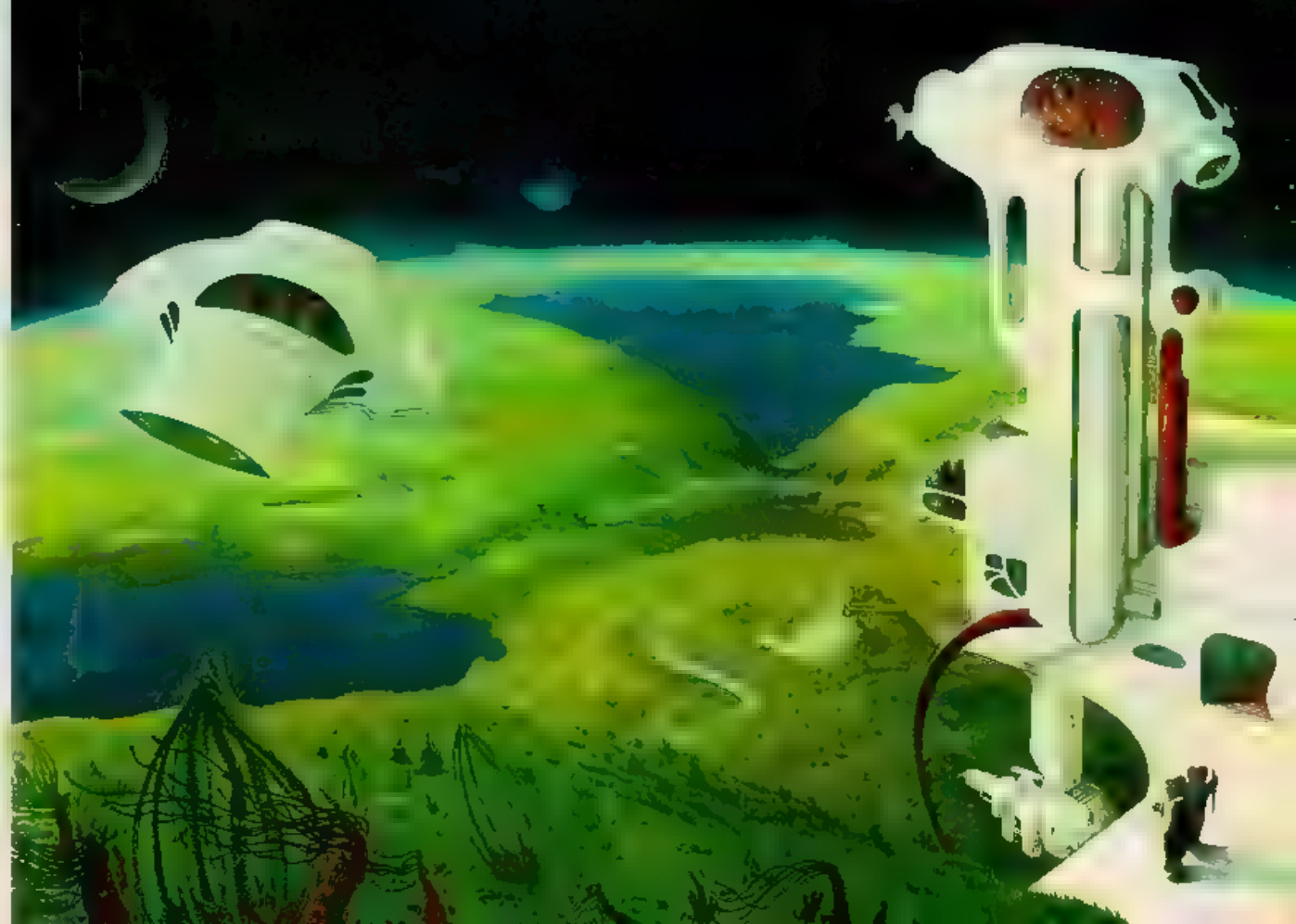
COULD IT BE GRUBE?

THIS WAY

SAMUEL MOHAIR! YOU HERE!

THAT'S THE MAN WHO KILLED THE TOMB WRECKER! HE KILLED HIS MUST DIE! SERGEANT USE YOUR GUN AND KILL HIM! KILL HIM!
WHERE IS HE?
I CAN'T SEE WHERE?
THERE! THERE!
SINCE YOU'VE RECOGNIZED HIS MAJOR GILBERT
HURRY, GIVE ME YOUR REPORT ON THE THREE LIVES FAST
BANG
WHAAAAM
IN THE HEAD!
HE SHOT HE KILLED!
TO BE CONTINUED

EXPLORER COLONY 6



From the *Stellar Journals* of Astri Alvarez

EMPIRE

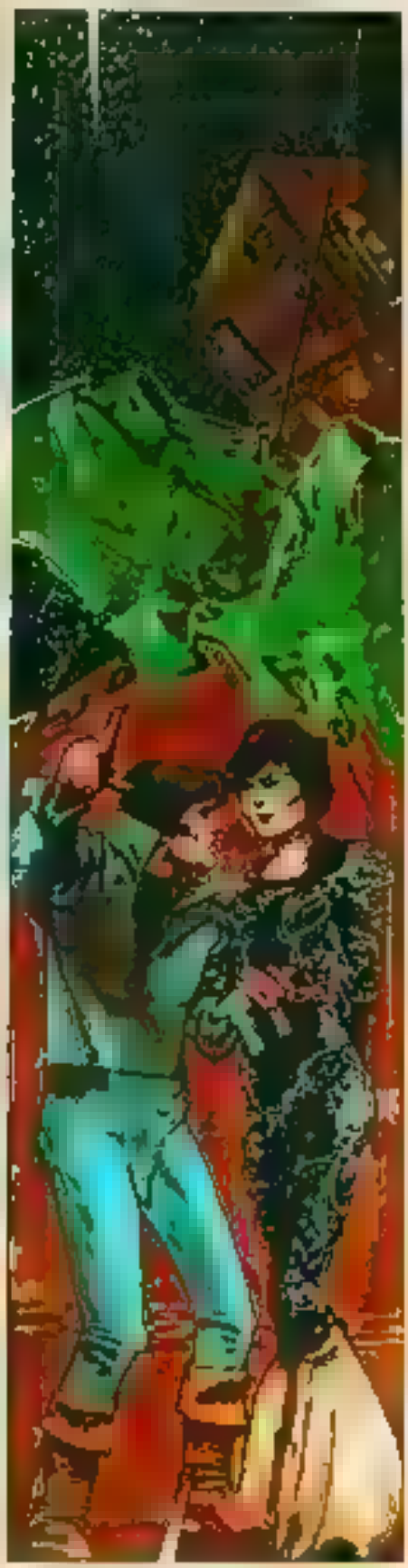
The year is 62 .9. The Empire Kandrake have extended their sway over a thousand worlds to stand on the cusp of total supremacy. The rebel Shaitan, having escaped the ministrations of the Empire's torturers, plots the overthrow of the empire through the secret of the lost key to be the master of Interdiction and to the Kandrake.

In her escape from death, Shaitan is saved by Bryn, a young college student swept up in the rebel's glorious plan. For a time the tragedy and exhilaration of an interplanetary quest for freedom as a ravaged galaxy reawakens and the two diagnose their love.

and a stirring, soaring yarn of adventure, sweeping away from the Kandrake atrocities who still weathered the ship fighting craft.

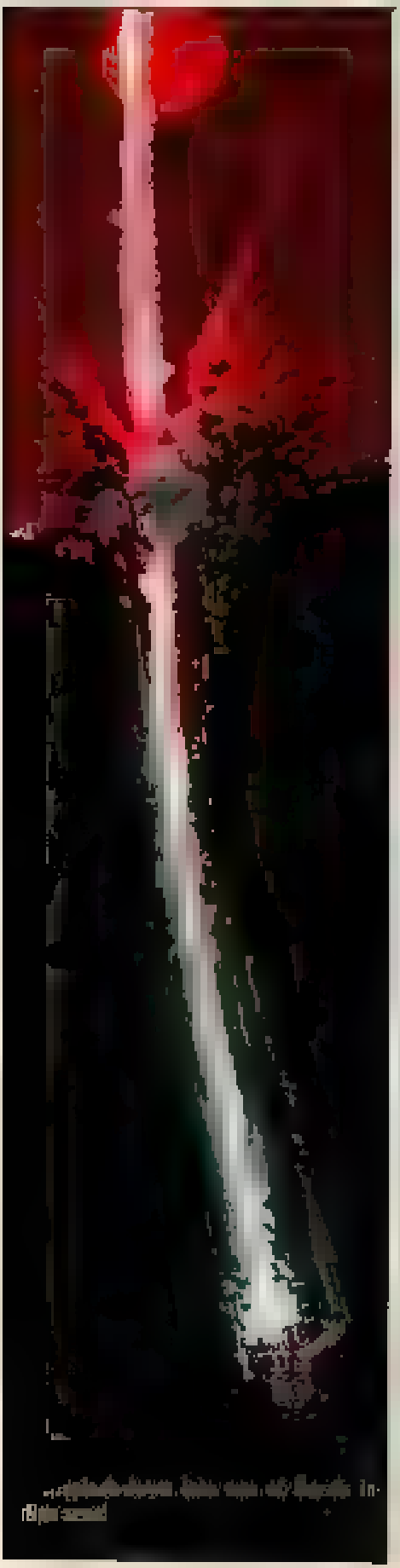
What and have traveled together half a dozen years, seeking the Kandrake in world after world. Their augmentation in the medium of

Then tell me about the crystal frog men and their

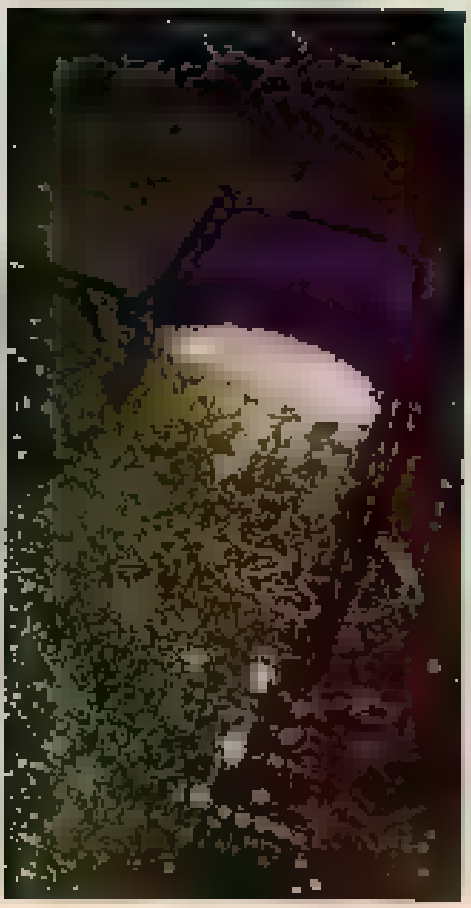


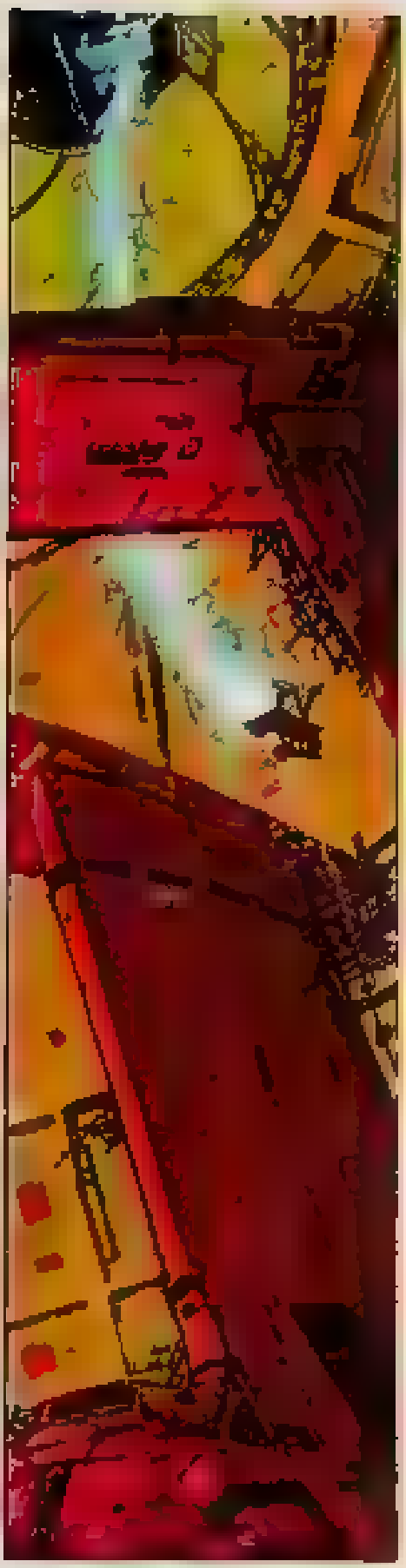
Though you saved my life, I still be a fool to trust you. All I'll say is that our next stop is a world called

Triple[illegible] Blast a handful of light years over your shoulder. Call past a packed and pitiless [illegible]



The Proteus sank toward the opening [illegible]

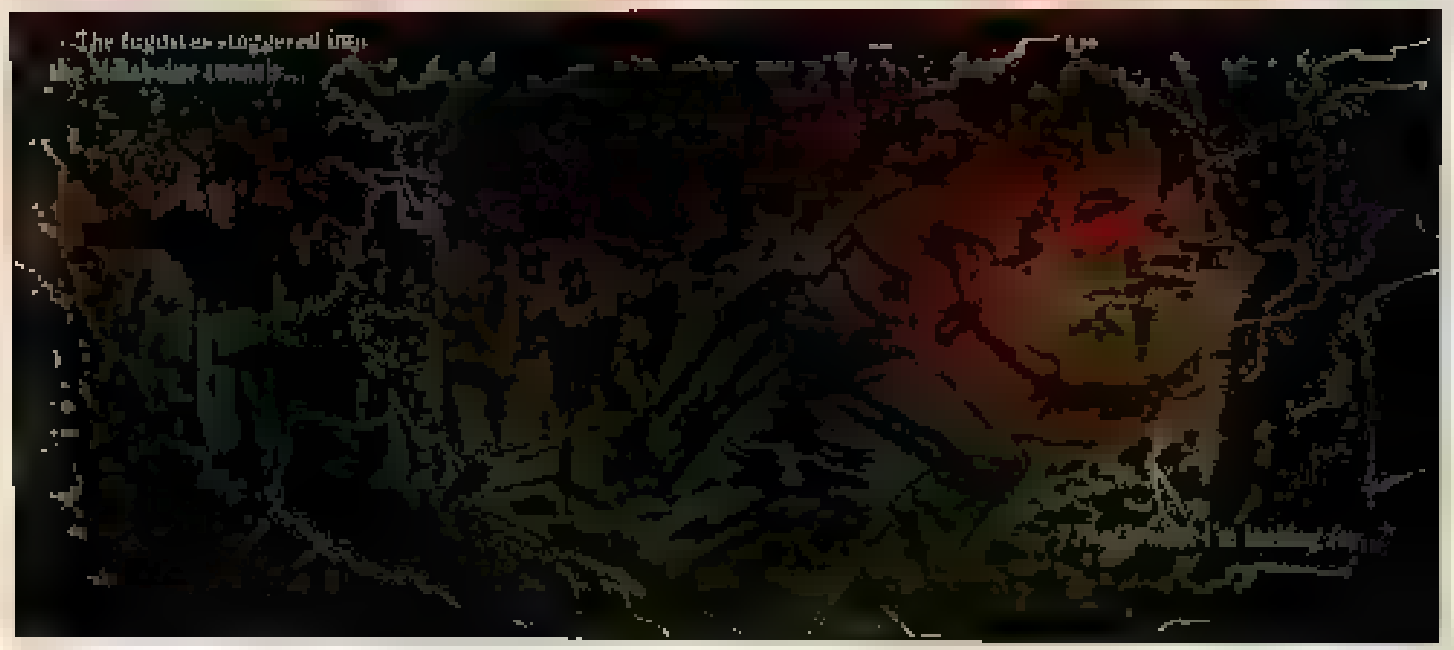




The tiny ship, [illegible] from her hull-flukes, settled among the huge ore freighters in the mine city of Mata Bolge.

"That's life on Cryx under the Kastilian boot."

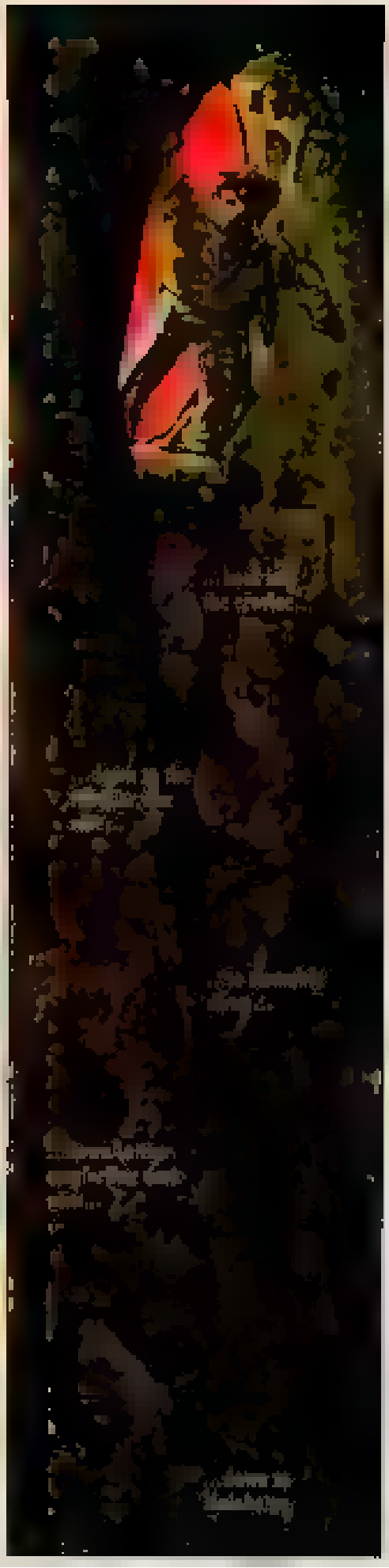
The three fugitives and the other two
Lord Akbram, and you, return with the Kandoke armies as a regent has come to Wrentaith Keep


The fugitives staggered into the Wilderness country...

"Nothing but big babies in this hangar. No way to tell them apart."
Then let's start searching down there."

Survivor! You must have come up on the other shuttle. What a sight for sore eyes.
It's good to see the three of you again, too!"

But the miner's face grew more and more distressed until, suddenly he cried



It was after hours of walking, following the mysterious path of the silent outlaw Jake, Wrya finally dared ask the question that had plagued him since he'd first encountered these women.

on knows them.

The simple story, boss? Once I lived on a lush and beautiful world. The Kundalin raped it, smashed it, twisted it and incarnated it into something ugly, hideous, unfit for anyone to be human life. That's what the bugger's up in those corners of the universe where I am regard like when you consider how big a world – and just how much room have to do to ruin, smash, and twist the rest of it... well, then you begin to realize what a simple-minded story that is. The complete one, the one you might even say was true? Blah! It's too hot for stories today, boy.

"Then don't tell me stories, Qreion. Tell me facts. What are those cam fragments we left behind on the Proteus? What is this plan you talk about, Qreion, what is it you want?"

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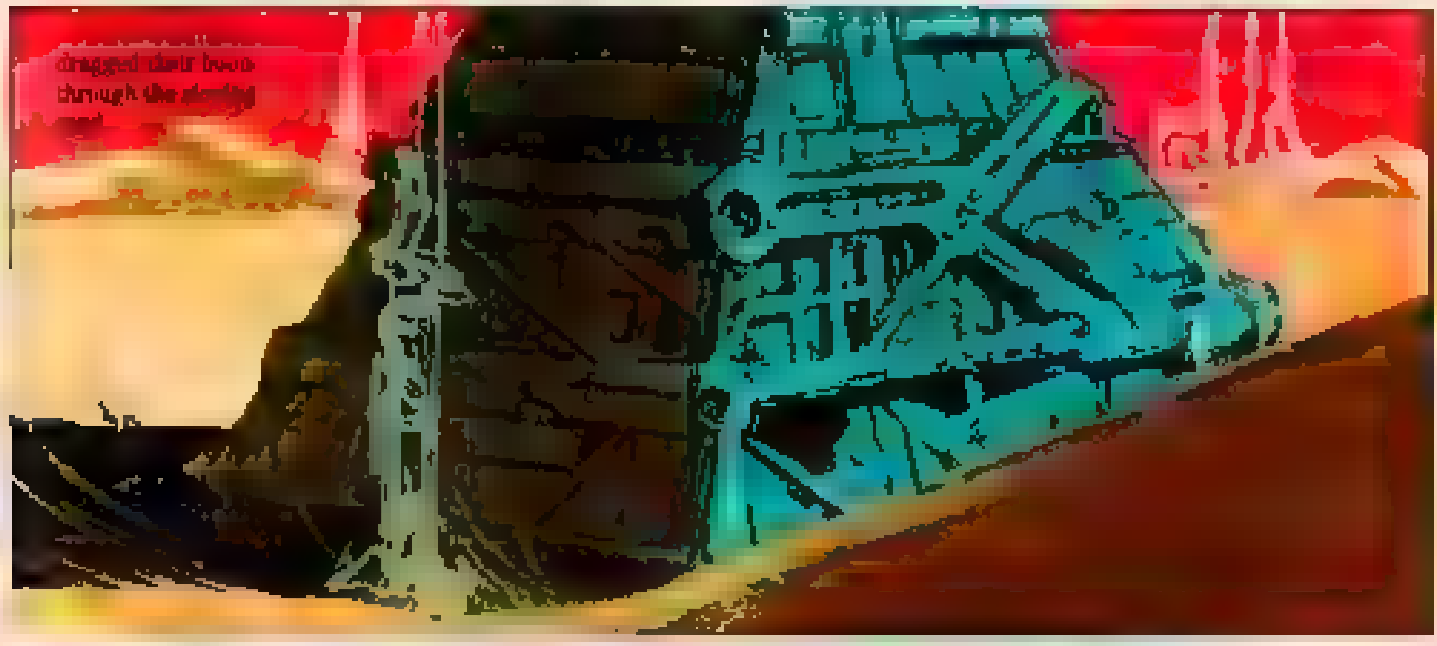
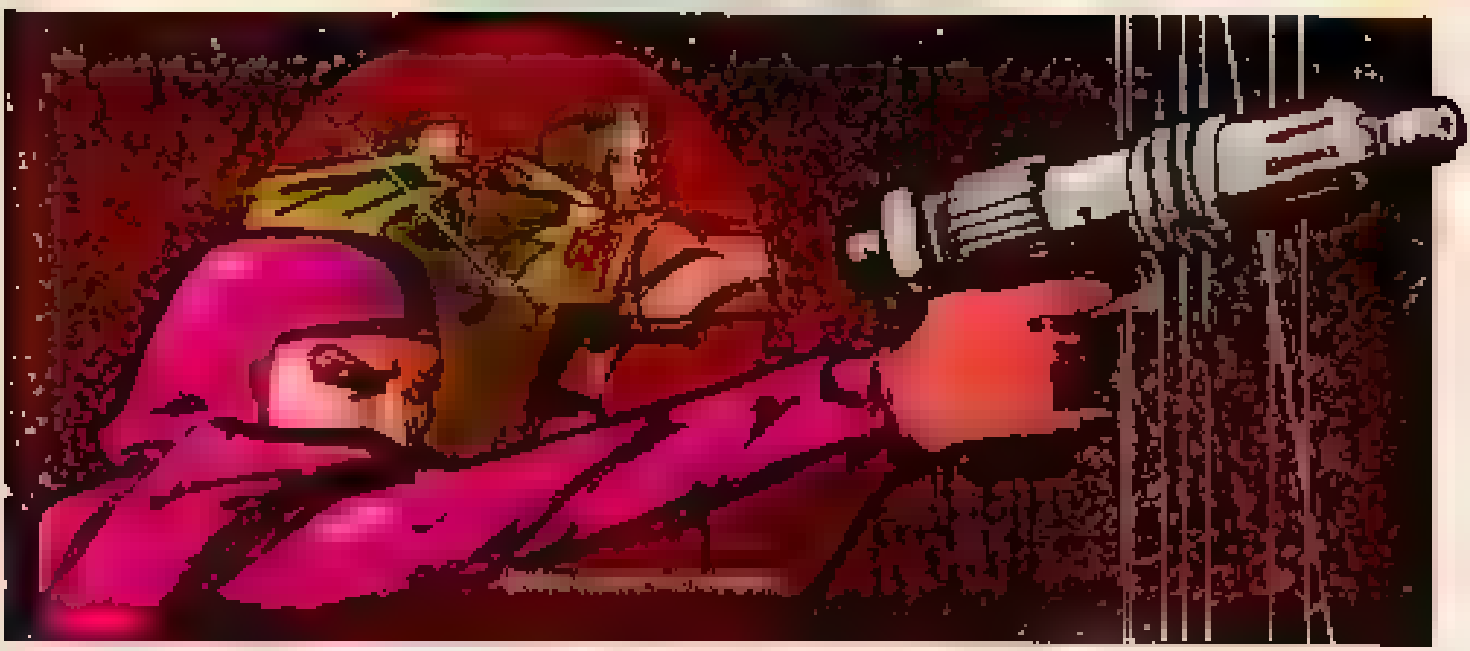
That great pyramid - one of the Kuwasi ancestors - is a normal ship that has landed here to watch the desert sunset.

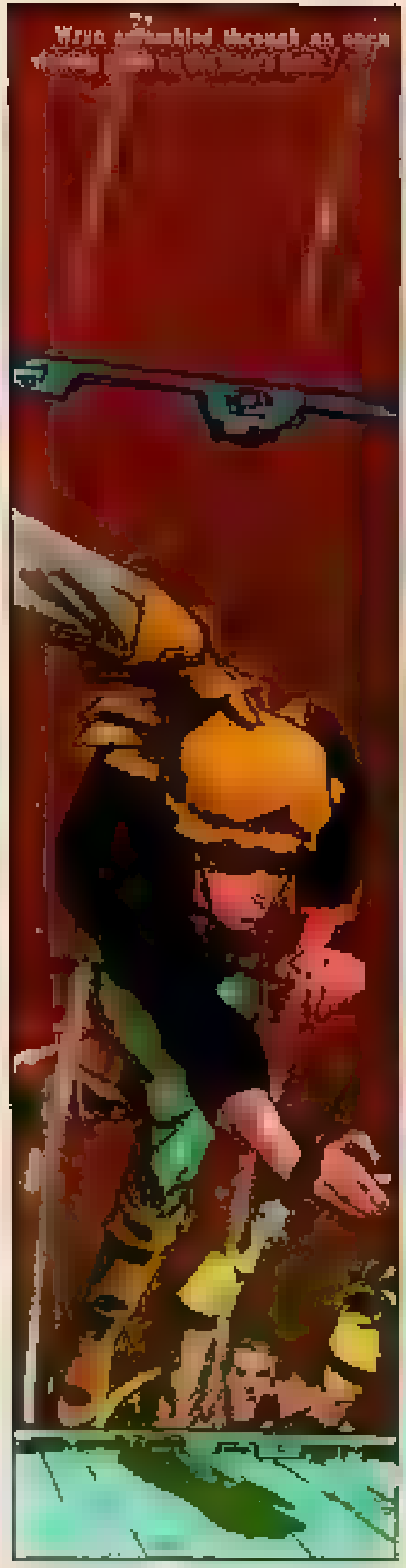

dragged their bows
through the shifting
sand
"Why do they want to watch sunset from here? I mean - it's half an hour every night, the most glorious sunset.

But you know nothing about the sands of this desert. At sunset, when the temperature lowers,

Among aficionados



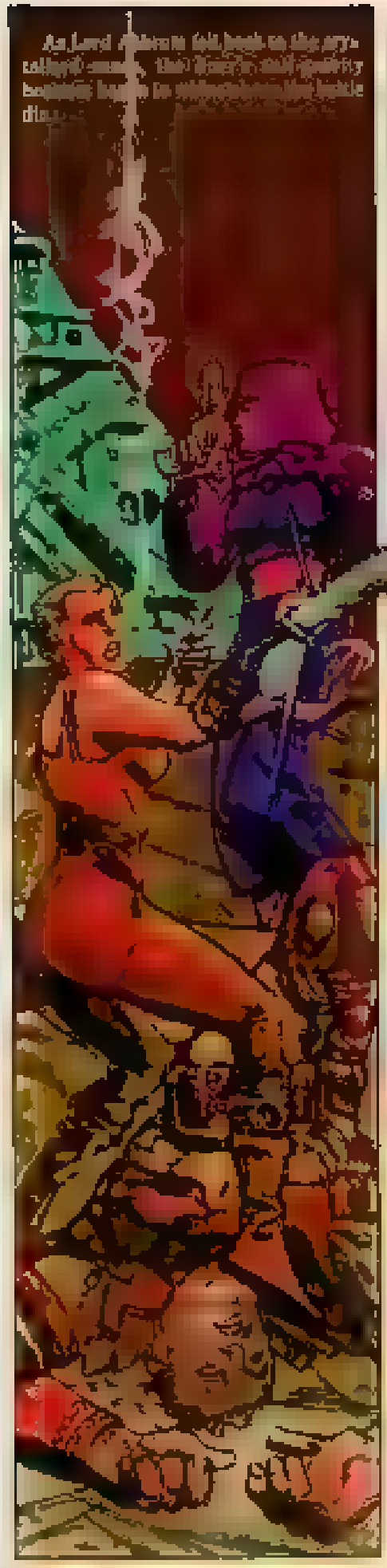
"I remember you, boy!"



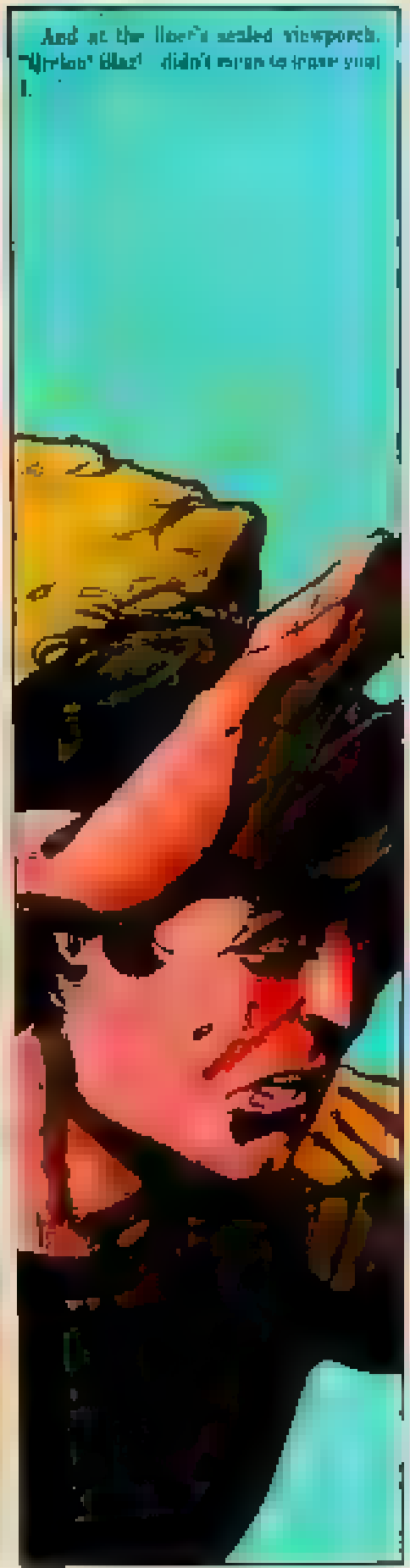
And while past Akbuma weapons after him

think... we're ready to salute it. Battles are one thing, but local desert skirmishes are another. Attention all porches closed! Prepare to take off!"

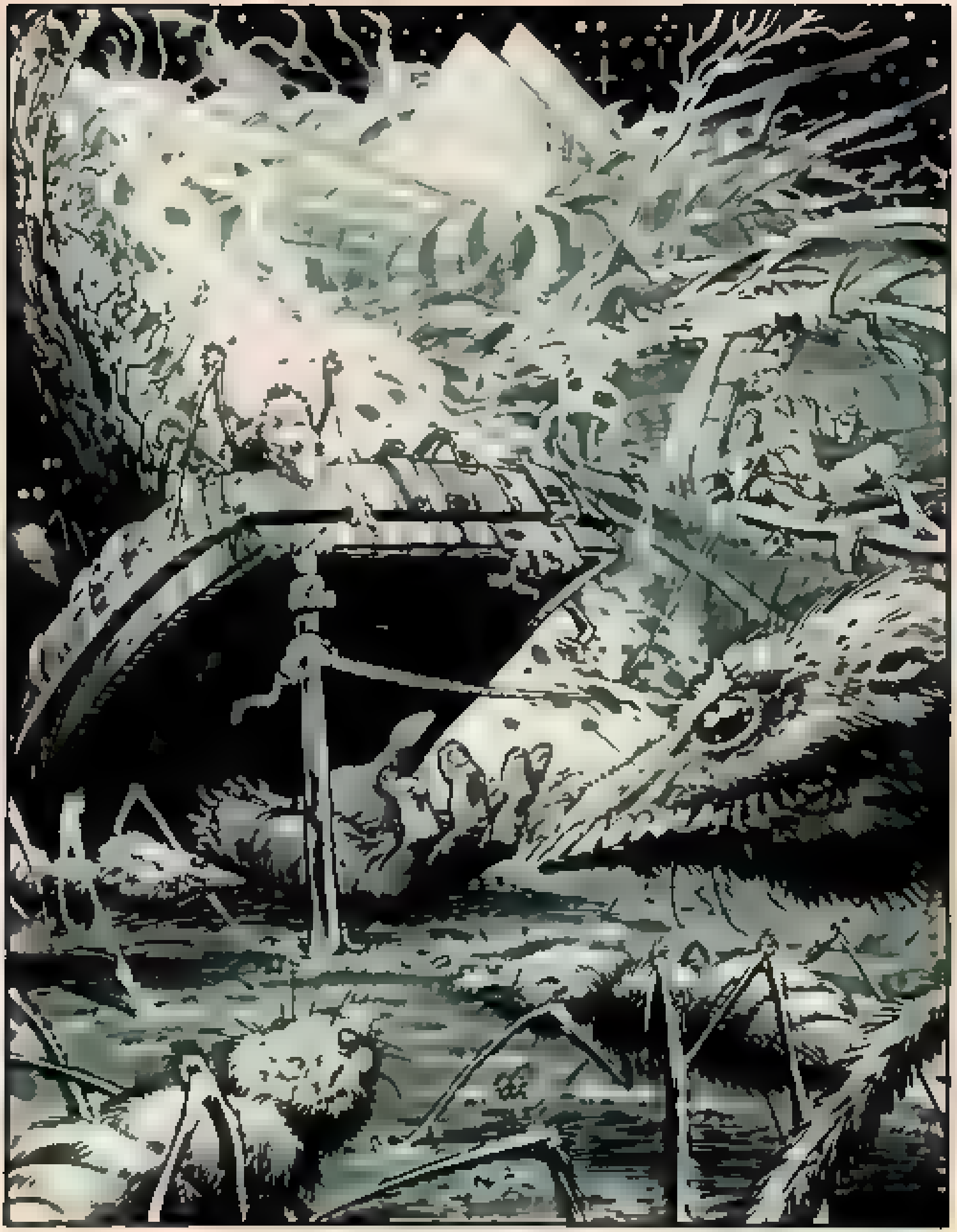
...and skin... was trained in pain. For the vinyl panels had severed, as a ship. Flesh, nerve, blood, and bone



The ship's anti-gravity lifts were silent. Below, on the glittering roads, brawling shapes shouted, squealed, and cursed



Wrynn was so close that for a moment he didn't even feel the hand on his shoulder. Then

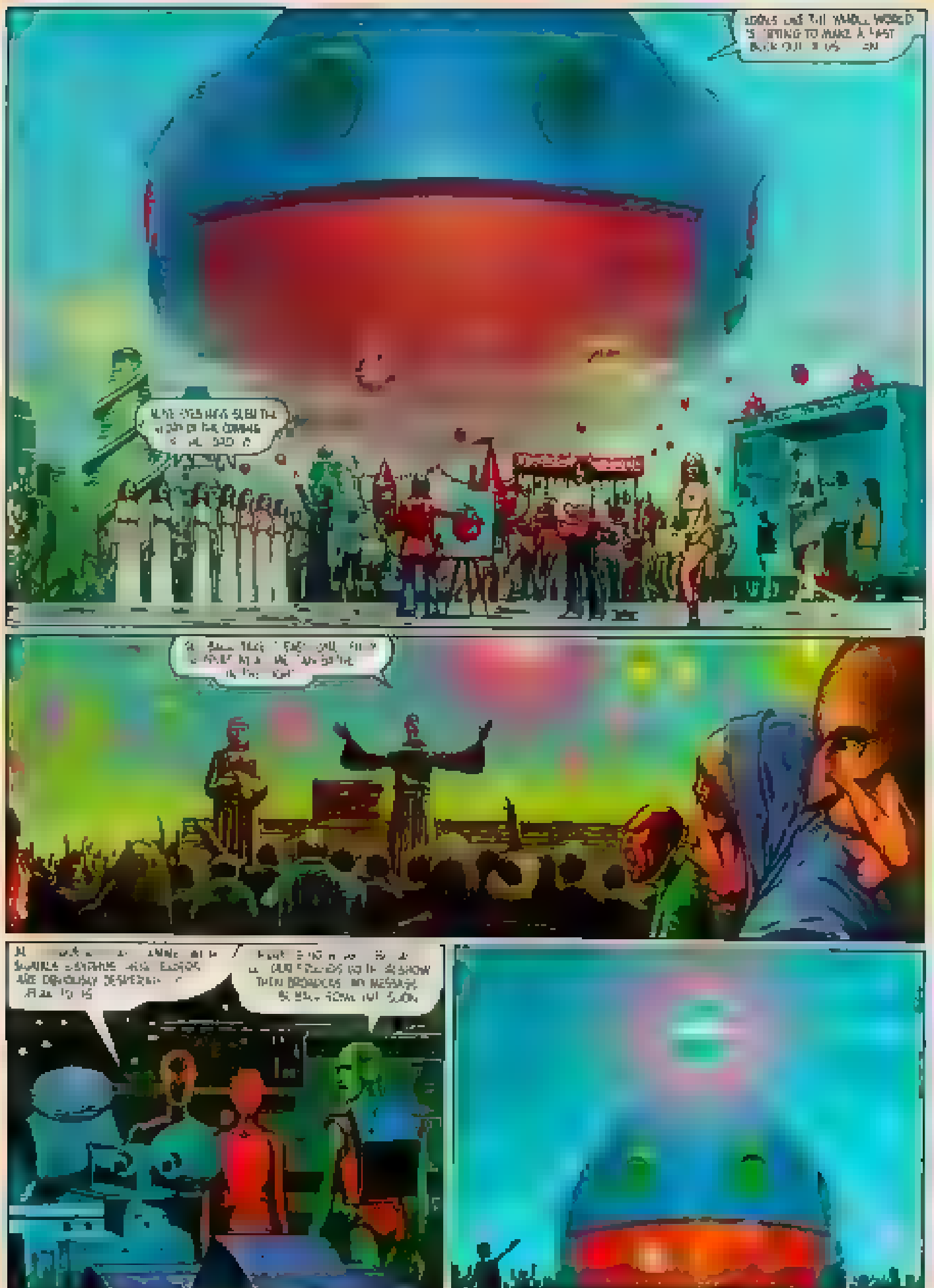


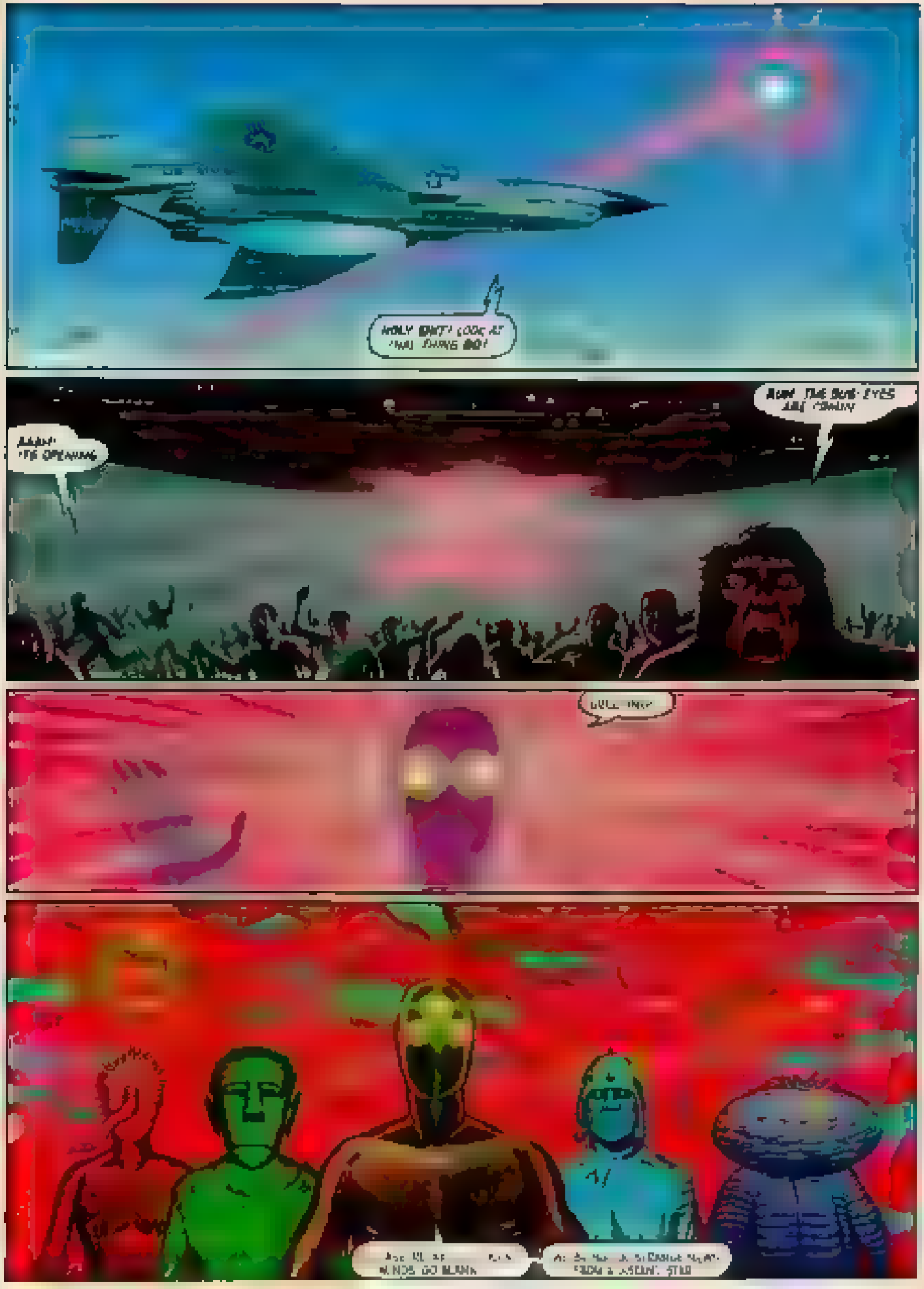
SURGICAL TACTICS

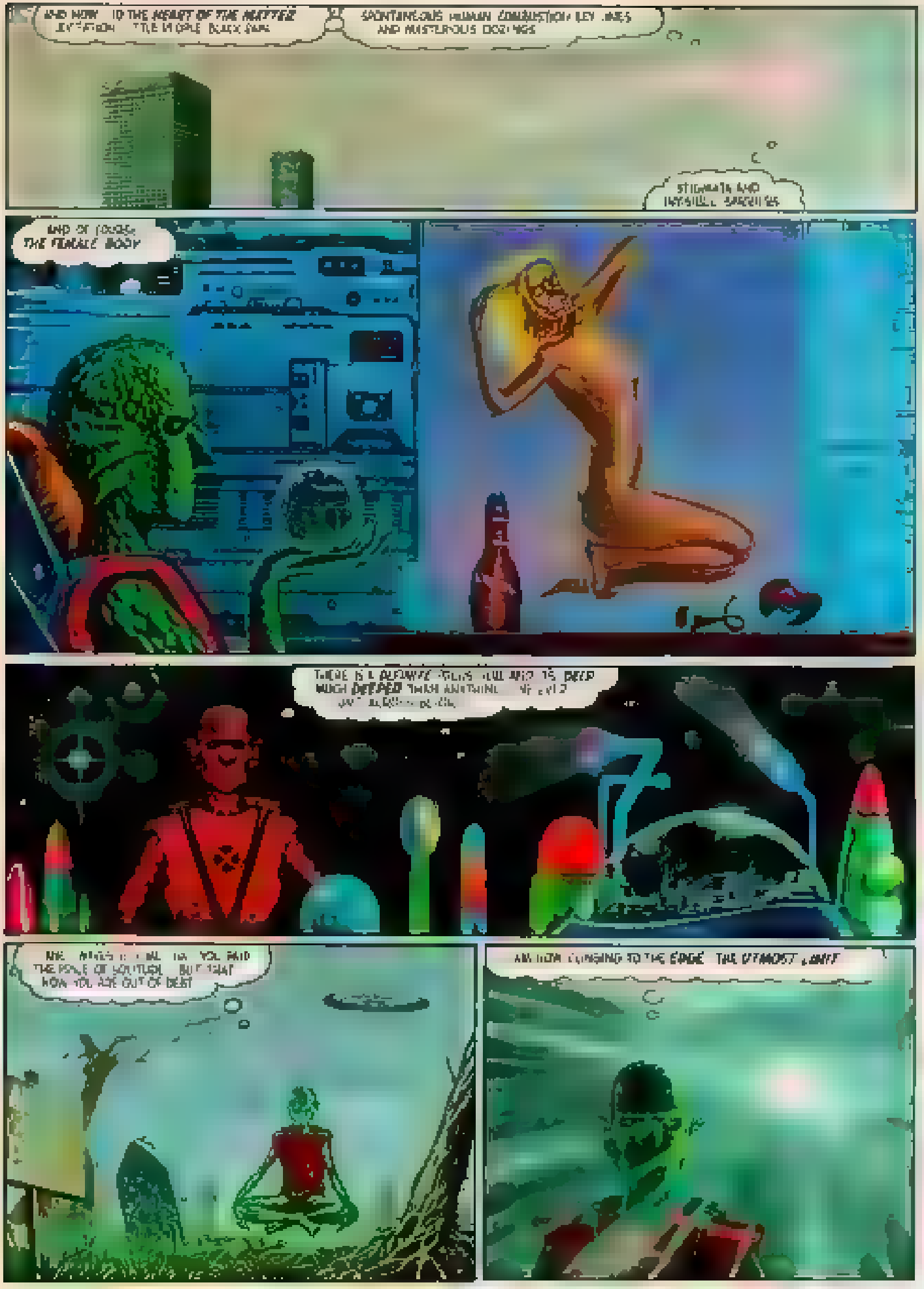
EPILOGUE

AMBULANCE
URGENT

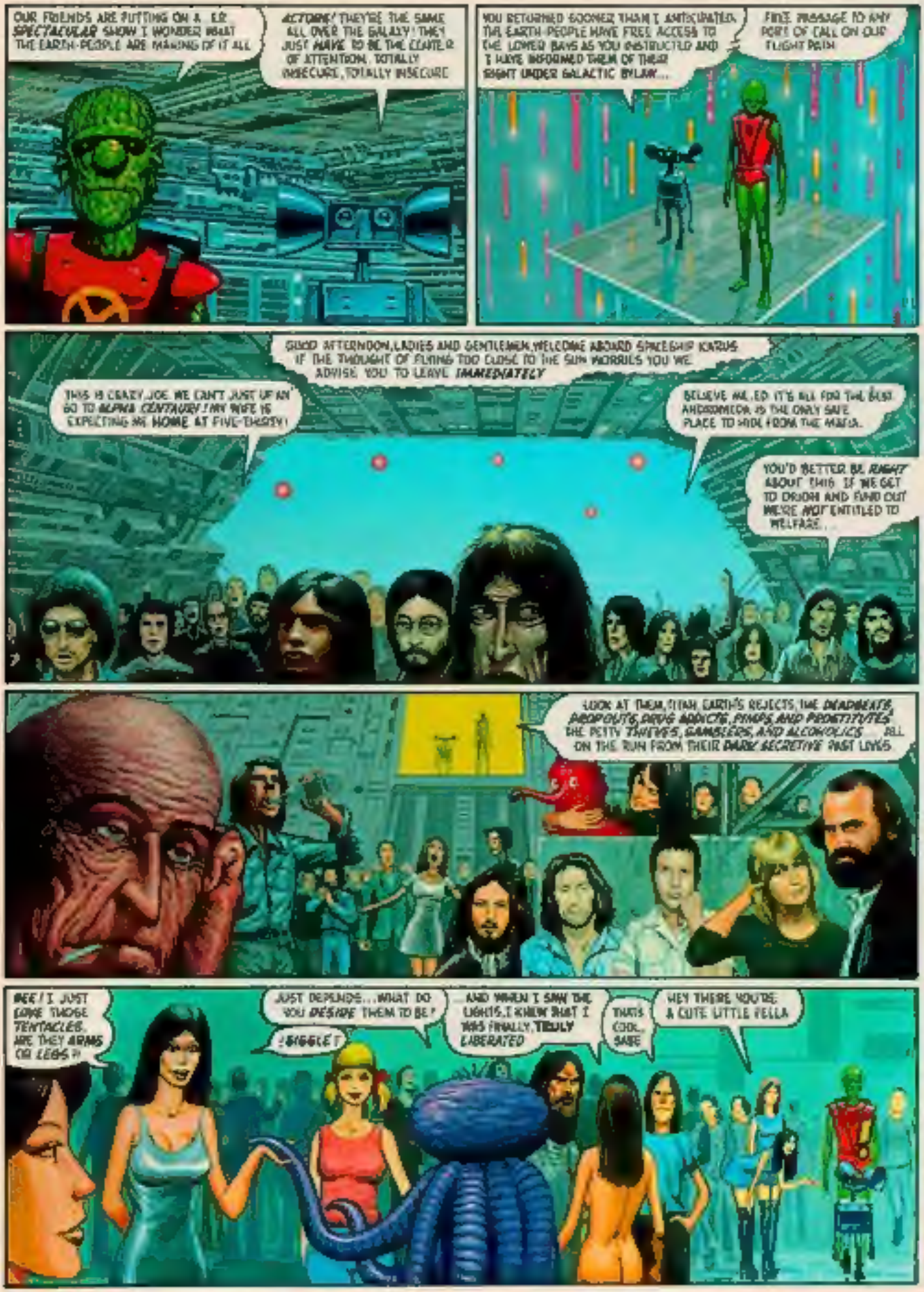
SO BEAUTIFUL AND SO DANGEROUS



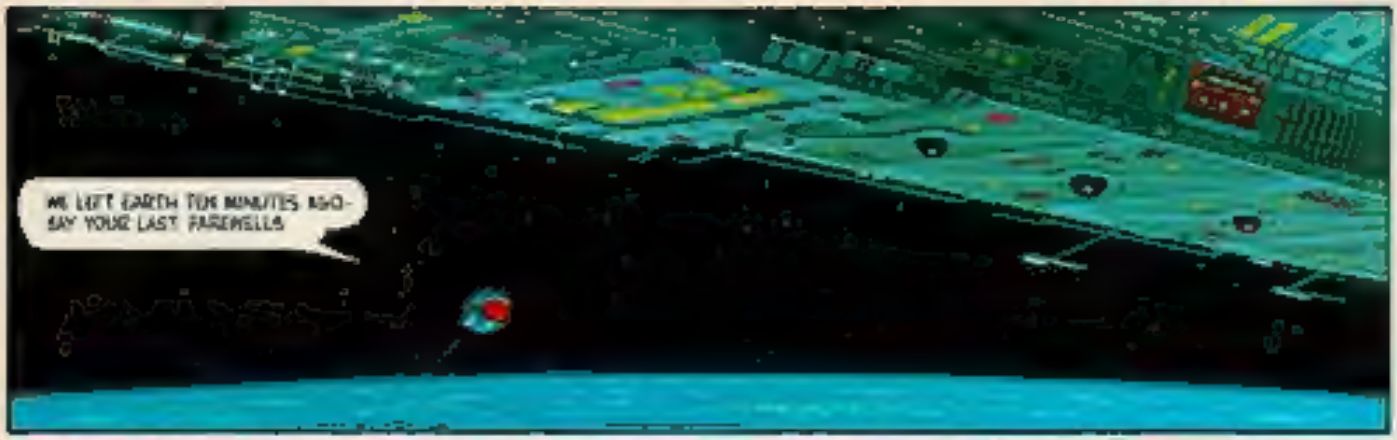

HOLY SHIT! LOOK AT THAT THING GO!
AAAH! IT'S OPENING
NOW THE BIG EYES ARE COMING
WELL, HELL


AND NOW TO THE HEART OF THE MATTER
SPONTANEOUS HUMAN COMBUSTION! KEY LINES AND MYSTERIOUS DOODLINGS
STIGMATA AND INVISIBLE SACRIFICES
AND OF COURSE THE FEMALE BODY
THERE IS A DEFINITE FOCUS HERE AND IT'S DEEP MUCH DEEPER THAN ANYTHING
AH, MAGIC! I WILL BE YOUR MAID THE ROLE OF SOLUTION BUT THAT MEANS YOU ARE OUT OF DEBT
AN ICON CLINGING TO THE EDGE THE UTMOST LIMIT

GOD UP IN THE SKY
THE SAME SKIES IN OUR CLOSES WILL BE OBSCURED
AND BY THE BLIND AS THUNDER
BOF


OUR FRIENDS ARE PUTTING ON A E.T. SPECTACULAR SHOW I WONDER WHAT THE EARTH-PEOPLE ARE MAKING OF IT ALL
ACTUALLY THEY'RE THE SAME ALL OVER THE GALAXY! THEY JUST HAVE TO BE THE CENTRE OF ATTENTION. TOTALLY INSECURE, TOTALLY INSECURE
YOU RETURNED SOONER THAN I ANTICIPATED. THE EARTH-PEOPLE HAVE FREE ACCESS TO THE LOWER BAYS AS YOU INSTRUCTED AND I HAVE INFORMED THEM OF THEIR RIGHT UNDER GALACTIC BYLAW...
FREE PASSAGE TO ANY PORT OF CALL ON OUR FLIGHT PATH
GOOD AFTERNOON, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. WELCOME ABOARD SPACESHIP KATRUS IF THE THOUGHT OF FLYING TOO CLOSE TO THE SUN WORRIES YOU WE ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE IMMEDIATELY
THIS IS CRAZY, JOE. WE CAN'T JUST UP AN GO TO ALPHA CENTAURI! MY WIFE IS EXPECTING ME HOME AT FIVE-THIRTY!
BELIEVE ME, ED IT'S ALL FOR THE BEST. ANDROMEDA IS THE ONLY SAFE PLACE TO HIDE FROM THE MAFIA.
YOU'D BETTER BE RIGHT ABOUT THIS IF WE GET TO ORION AND FIND OUT WE'RE NOT ENTITLED TO WELFARE...
LOOK AT THEM, TITAN. EARTH'S REJECTS, THE DEADBEATS, DROPOUTS, DRUG ADDICTS, PIMPS, AND PROSTITUTES, THE PETTY THIEVES, GAMBLERS, AND ALCOHOLICS ... ALL ON THE RUN FROM THEIR DARK SECRETIVE PAST LIVES
WEE! I JUST LOVE THOSE TENTACLES. ARE THEY ARMS OR LEGS?!
JUST DEPENDS... WHAT DO YOU DESIRE THEM TO BE?
!GIGGLE!
...AND WHEN I SAW THE LIGHTS, I KNEW THAT I WAS FINALLY, TRULY LIBERATED
THAT'S COOL, SAGE
HEY THERE, YOU'RE A CUTE LITTLE FELLA

I LIKE YOU
ZZIT ZZ ZITI ZIT!
THAT'S A VERY STRANGE SQUAD I THINK THEY WOULD REALLY GO FOR THAT IN THE SMALL MAGELLANIC CLOUD
IT DON'T SURPRISE ME NONE, MAN! BLUES HARMONICA IS A UNIVERSAL TONGUE
SO I JUST UP AN' MANAGED BRIGANDS DEMAND YOUR MONEY OR YOUR LIFE WOMEN REQUIRE BOTH
MY WIFE RAN OFF WITH MY BEST FRIEND
YEAH! TOUGH SHIT, MAN! TOUGH SHIT, BOY! WHAT A THING TO DO TO A PAL
DON'T WORRY, I GOT MY REVENGE— I LET HIM KEEP HER.
HA HA HA!!
THERE'S SOMETHING GOING ON HERE BUT WHAT IT IS AIN'T EXACTLY CLEAR
GIMME ANOTHER SCOTCH, BARTENDER!
I'M GOING UP TO THE BRIDGE ANYBODY WHO WANTS TO WAVE GOOD-BYE TO EARTH IS WELCOME TO COME
WAVE GOOD-BYE? YEAH, I'D LIKE TO DO THAT
IF MY TWILIGHT-DREAMS COULD BE SEEN THEY'D PROBABLY PUT MY HEAD IN A GUILLOTINE
GOOD-BYE! GOOD-BYE MY DEAR BELOVED MOTHER EARTH!
WHEN DO WE LIFTOFF ANYWAY?
COME AND LOOK, MY DEAR



JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR!
LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THIS THING! THERE MUST BE AT LEAST A LIFETIME'S WORTH OF RUMLESS WANDERING IN HERE

IT'S A VERY WEIRD PLACE OUT THERE EARTHMEN... ALTHOUGH IN SOME WAYS, IT'S STRANGELY FAMILIAR TO EARTH...
IT'S LIKE A GIANT FAIRGROUND IN A WAY, WITH SCENES TO THRILL, ENTERTAIN, TITILLATE, SHOCK... EVEN DISGUST...
YES... I THINK YOU'LL NEED A LIBERAL OUTLOOK TO GET YOU THROUGH THIS GALAXY...

TO BE CONTINUED...